

IN ORDERS WE TRUST

Comedy sketch idea by Jonathan David Steinhoff

[A sculpture garden with what appear to be life-size statues of different Greek gods (but turn out to be the Greek gods themselves), and a park bench.]

ZEUS: Yeah, well it wasn't my fault, you're the one who got her angry.

HERCULES: I got her angry, but thank you for not even warning me. Thank all of you for that.

HERMES: You think that if we knew she could do something like this we would have let you provoke her?

HERCULES: Next time, if you know someone is the granddaughter of Medusa, think. Think about what might happen.

ATHENA: I'm just glad we can still move our lips.

HERCULES: Now that is the one good thing about all of this. Because now I can still call Zeus a great big wee-wee.

ATHENA: Hercules, talking that way to your father!

ZEUS: Young man, if I could reach my lightning bolt....

HERCULES: Zeus is a great big wee-wee, Zeus is a great big wee-wee!

HERMES: Great. Turned to stone and forced to listen to the most dysfunctional family in all creation. This is worse than "Married With Children".

ATHENA: Oh look, a mortal has come.

[A man in ordinary clothes, WALTER, sits on the bench, takes a sandwich out of a paper bag, and begins eating.]

HERCULES: The nerve! Eating a sandwich like that in the presence of the greatest gods who ever lived. I'd like to....

ZEUS: Hey you!

[WALTER stops chewing his sandwich and stares forward as if in a trance.]

HERCULES: I don't think I'm gonna like this.

ZEUS: That's right, you. Listen. See that spray paint can next to you on the bench?

[WALTER looks at the empty bench next to himself. Suddenly there's smoke, a flash, and a spray paint can appears on the bench.]

ZEUS: Take that spray paint can and go to the statue of Hercules.

HERCULES: Now wait a minute.

[WALTER obeys.]

ZEUS: Paint on the Hercules statue, "Hercules is a spoiled little brat." Go on, do it! Zeus commands you!

WALTER: Yes, oh great Zeus.

[WALTER obeys.]

ZEUS: Now go and eat your sandwich.

WALTER: Thank you, oh great Zeus.

[WALTER returns to the bench and resumes eating his sandwich.]

HERCULES: Wait! Go get that spray paint can again! Write on the Zeus statue –

ZEUS: Hold it, now....

H. Write on the Zeus statue, "Zeus is a big fat wee-wee."

HERMES: This isn't right.

HERCULES: Stay out of it, Hermes.

ATHENA: Hercules, you and Zeus really have to find a better way to work out your issues.

HERCULES: You too, Athena, I'm warning the two of you.

HERMES: You two should see yourselves with all that paint.

HERCULES: Okay, that's it. Now spray paint the Hermes statue. Write, uh, write this, "I am Hermes, and I want my Mommy."

ATHENA: Real mature, Hercules.

HERCULES: Then write on the Athena statue, how about, "Praise Allah".

ATHENA: Now that's going too far! You! Paint on the Hercules statue, "Jesus Lives".

ZEUS: This may not have been such a good idea.

HERMES: Hear me: paint on the Zeus statue, "Hebrew National Has To Answer To A Higher Authority."

ZEUS: Maybe we need a truce of some kind.

HERCULES: Zeus is a big fat wee-wee, Zeus is a big fat wee-wee!

ATHENA: Zeus is right.

HERMES: I'll go along with a truce. Hercules?

HERCULES: Oh fine, you're all wee-wees. Okay, uh, finish your sandwich and get out of here.

WALTER: Thank you, oh wise and powerful gods.

HERCULES: Oh wise and powerful.... on second thought, don't finish your sandwich, just get out of here.

WALTER: Thank you, thank you, oh wise –

HERCULES: And powerful gods, right. [WALTER exits.] Okay great, so now we have a truce.

[A great big shaggy DOG, big enough to be a person in a dog costume, comes along and wee-wees on HERCULES.]

H. Well, that was quite a truce, wasn't it.

ZEUS: I had absolutely nothing to do with that.

ATHENA: Neither did I.

HERMES: Hey, dogs do that stuff, it doesn't mean we had anything to do with it.

ZEUS: (in a low voice) Good boy, good boy.

HERCULES: That does it. Come here dog, listen, get the spray paint can and spray on the Zeus statue, "I brake for evil people", no wait, uh, "Mohammad Is My Boyfriend".

ATHENA: Here boy, here boy.

HERMES: Nice doggie.

THE END